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No. 725 Broadway Street.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1875.

Three Dollars a Year,
In Advance.

No. 48.

MY PICTURE.

E. C. PHILLIPS.

Drawn on an earthly canvas,
As by mortal pencil hand,
We're mortal, but our souls are
By the great hand of God made
On the immortal tablet of life.
Our picture shows by the light of heaven,
Or framed by the silver moon.

They are seated on, one by one,
The feet, the hands, the face;
I see the smile I have seen
On the sweet lips of the dead,
The soft eyes that have been
Till I had forgot how my soul can
Beat the pulse of a living grave.

I see white robes and shining crowns,
And two eyes side by side;
How thick the dew on the bridge of the nose,
As I watch him sleep in the night,
I look in the gentle mother's face,
This face I remember to have seen;
While the father's eyes, strong, true and wise,
Gave counsel and calm to pain.

I seem to smother the golden curls
That I had seen on the child's head;
And smile them as they were,
And smile them as they were,
And smile them as they were,
And smile them as they were,
And smile them as they were,
And smile them as they were.

My picture shows my portrait during them,
No looks or feelings of the past,
No face or form, no voice or sound,
Only memory and love,
My picture will show till the light divine
Their destinies types I see.

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD.

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

EAST ARLAND'S OATH.

Just before entering Danehold, standing in a somewhat obscure spot, though near to the foreman's house, was a small inn or public house, called the "Sailor's Rest." It was kept by a man of the name of Hawthorne, who had come from the north to the Dane family. It was a well conducted inn, of rather a better class than a common public house, provided with good food and board, and had its share of custom. Among the frequenters of the bar and parlour were the men servants from the castle; and it was to this place that Hawthorne proceeded when turned out by his master, intending to take up at it his temporary abode.

On the morning afterwards, the landlord, being in the bar room, or, at any rate, he thought he was alone. He was busy polishing his taps, and setting things straight, according to his custom before breakfast, when one of the preventive men, on his way down to the beach, came up the passage and entered.

"Half a gill of rum, landlord; the morning air's chilly."

"Here's a bit of rum for you, land, but I'll be a day."

"I hope it will, for the work that's got to be done. They'll be dragging for the body to shore, and all Denmark, I suppose, will turn out to see."

"Dragging for what body?" returned the landlord.

"Has anybody been lost?"

"The man was in the act of putting the glass of rum to his lips. He drew it back in astonishment, and gazed at the man who had spoken.

"Why, you don't mean to say you have never heard?"

"What is there to hear?"

"Of the calamity that has overtaken the castle. Captain Dane's murdered."

"Captain Dane murdered?" echoed the landlord, doubting whether his ears were not playing him false.

"He was murdered last night. It's an odd thing you didn't hear of it—though perhaps you were shut up when the folks came back from the castle. Mitchell was out his best, and saw a scuffle on the heights between two men, not knowing then who they were, and one pitched the other over and killed him. When Mitchell got up to the fallen man he found it was Captain Dane, some dead."

"Good mercy preserve us!" uttered Hawthorne.

"And that first of a Mitchell comes rushing up to the guard station at the point of a steam engine, which was overhauled with his heart or some other vital part of him, and most needs fall into a fit. The consequence was, that nobody knew anything about it till he came to, which was more than an hour after, and then the tide had covered the beach, and washed the body away. Slightly follows the Mitchell are never good for much."

"Poor gentleman!" exclaimed the landlord. "It was only the day before yesterday he stopped at the door here, and spoke to me as he went by. What an affliction for his wife and child. Who was the quarrel with? Was there any love?"

"His late servant, Hawthorne."

"The landlord looked against the stove as if thunderstruck, and as he looked he held in his hand clattered on to the ground.

"Hawthorne!" he uttered, in a low, awestruck tone.

"Hawthorne," and actually was. He was not long carrying out his threats of vengeance.

"Why, he has been lodging here ever since yesterday morning. He is a quiet man, and a good customer; and in bed at this moment. I wouldn't have said the same house with him if I had known this last night."

"He was dead?"

"He was dead," said the landlord, and lay down his head on the table, and wept himself into a doze.

"At this moment an interruption occurred which nearly made the landlord stop. The door opened, and in came a high-backed, wooden screen went partially across the bar, its seat in front facing the bar. At the back of the screen stood the landlord and his customer; and at this critical juncture the head of Mr. Hawthorne was propelled round, glancing at the two in indignation. He had been sitting at the bar, and he was now standing in the doorway.

"Your name's Dabber, I believe?" he said, looking at the preventive man.

"How dare you stand there to trouble me?"

Dabber was, as the saying runs, taken aback. He was too confused to make any reply. And Hawthorne walked round and confronted him.

"By what authority do you assume me of the crime of murder?"

"Well, now, Mr. Hawthorne, if what I've said is not true—if you are innocent, I'm sure I don't want your pardon. He answered, gathering courage and his wife together. "But you must not blame me. If I had not told Hawthorne, the best man in the world, when events like this happen, people will talk; and if you were not mixed up in this, you'd be the first to talk of it yourself. Mitchell saw the affair, and saw the captain pitched down; and he says the other was Mr. Hawthorne."

"Mitchell says that it was I; that he saw me?"

"As I hear, the men were crying, and I didn't hear Mitchell speak, myself, for I wasn't in the guard-house till he had gone."

"In what you have been asserting, that Captain Dane was murdered?"

"Oh, that's true, safe enough. They are getting ready the drags to search for the body."

"On what part of the heights did it happen?"

"Off the chapel ruins. He fell down just beyond Black Point. But I must be off, for my time's up. I'll be back, unless I'd like to get reported."

He turned round as he spoke, and departed, glad to be away from the stare of the sailor face of Hawthorne.

"Putting them questions as if he'd like to make believe he was an innocent man, nothing," thought Dabber. "But they won't catch him much, when he's reported before my Lord Dane."

Hawthorne turned his eyes on the landlord when they were left alone.

(Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1875, by Walker, Reed & Co., Publishers and Proprietors, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.)



"My picture will show till the light divine their destinies types I see."

"What do you know of this business, Hawthorne?"

"If you were sitting in the street, Mr. Hawthorne, you must know as much as I. I have only heard what Dabber said."

"What do you think of it?"

"I can't think. Who would do harm to Captain Dane? He had no enemies that I know of. I'm sure the quarrel with you was quite unlike him."

"Unlike his general nature. He was up—up and so on. Where's my hat?"

"Captain, I shall go out and ascertain the truth of this business."

He quitted the bar to go to his chamber, and almost at the same moment the preventive man entered it. He reached his eyes round and round, as if in search of some object, and then nodded to the landlord.

"Good-morning, Hawthorne. You have got Hawthorne lodging with you, I hear. Is he up yet?"

"He was here not an instant ago, sir. He's gone to go out and learn the particulars about this and business about the captain. Dabber has just been in to tell of it. I'm sure you may have knocked me down with a puff."

The preventive man withdrew from the bar to the passage, and there he propped himself against the wall. The position he had chosen commanded a view of the back door of the house, as well as of the front. Almost immediately Hawthorne appeared, and the preventive man accosted him.

"A fine morning, Mr. Hawthorne."

"Very. I am going out to enjoy it."

"An instant yet. I want to say a few words to you."

"Not now," impatiently returned Mr. Hawthorne.

"No time like the present," was the reply of the preventive man, as he laid his hand upon the man's shoulder. "Don't be nervous. I must detain you."

Hawthorne turned his sailor face on the officer, his eyes flashing with anger.

"By what right? What do you mean?"

"Now, Hawthorne, don't be nervous. Take things quietly. You see my prisoner, and all the resistance in the world won't avail you."

Hawthorne's answer to this was a look of defiance. He was a powerful man. Had it come to a test of strength between the two he must have gained the victory; but before he would have done so, he was, or what had happened, he found a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

to deal with in me. As if there was any living man could tell the time, the place, the facts altogether, so certainly as you."

Hawthorne looked the preventive steadily in the face, never quailing. "You may be an old cad—experience has made you one—but you have taken the wrong man in taking me. I did not know that you suspected, say it had happened to Captain Dane, until Dabber just now told it; I did not know but he was alive and well; and that I was."

"Now, don't you take and swear to any nonsense, or it may be used against you," was the retort of the preventive.

Possibly Hawthorne felt it to be so; for, if he did not observe it literally and saw up his mouth with thread, he at any rate refrained to utter a word.

Hawthorne stood in the great hall; though so physically powerful, his mind was as vigorous in combat the investigation as it had ever been. Mr. Appery, in his legal capacity, and near him, a small table and pen and ink before him; Squint Lester, Supervisor Cotton, and a few others were present—but not Mitchell. He was expected, but had not come. A sensation was created when Hawthorne, in his hands, was introduced by the preventive's hand, and he was led to the castle. Lord Dane was seated in his audience-chamber in the great hall; though so physically powerful, his mind was as vigorous in combat the investigation as it had ever been. Mr. Appery, in his legal capacity, and near him, a small table and pen and ink before him; Squint Lester, Supervisor Cotton, and a few others were present—but not Mitchell. He was expected, but had not come. A sensation was created when Hawthorne, in his hands, was introduced by the preventive's hand, and he was led to the castle.

"You had, with me," broke forth Lord Dane, in anguish, forgetting the dignity of a magistrate in the feelings of a father. "Could nothing have served your turn but you must murder my poor son?"

"I did not murder him, my lord," respectfully answered Hawthorne.

"We don't want to hear that," interrupted the preventive, who was of an excitable temperament, apt to put himself into a passion. "If you did not deliberately murder him, with a knife, or a club, or a pistol, or any thing of that sort, you attacked him and threw him over the cliff. I don't know what else you can call it, but murder."

"I never was on the heights last night. I never saw Capt. Dane after he turned me from the castle in the morning," responded Hawthorne. "Who accuses me?"

"Now, my good man," impetuously broke forth the preventive, "this absurd equivocation will not avail you, and you must explain how the body's time was in using it. You have brought enough sorrow upon his lordship, without seeking to prove this trying scene."

"I asked who was my accuser, Mr. Appery," deeply repeated the preventive; "and I have a right to be answered."

"Circumstances and your own action are your accuser, and Mitchell is evidence," returned Mr. Appery. "He witnessed the struggle on the heights, and he saw you push down Capt. Dane."

"He saw me push down Capt. Dane?"

"By this hour," feverishly put in Lord Dane, looking at the preventive.

"I thought he would have been up before this, my lord," was the reply of the preventive. "I'll go out and see after him."

"Does Mitchell say it was I, struggling with Captain Dane—that he saw me?"

"He said the preventive, as Mr. Cotton left the hall."

"Of course he does," answered the preventive. "Do you imagine he would come and say it?"

"Then he tells a malicious, groundless lie," exclaimed Hawthorne. "And he must do so to screen the real offender."

Lord Dane bent his head forward, and spoke. "Hawthorne, as Mr. Appery says, this line of conduct will only tell against you. Had no person whatever seen the transaction, there could not have been any misapprehension upon the point, for who else but you was in the hall with my son? Of the nature of the quarrel between you and him, you know nothing of; and I'd rather have given a ten-pound note out of my pocket, than have been stepped in it."

The preventive coughed, as he introduced a rough as over man gave vent to. In his opinion there was not a shadow of doubt that the attacker of Captain Dane was the man before him; and he looked upon the words as being put forth in coming doubt.

"I'm sorry I can't spare you. If you can convince Lord Dane of your innocence, why you'll be at liberty perhaps before the day's over. But there are no particulars to learn beyond what are universally known. The struggle took place, Captain Dane was thrown down, and the tide washed the body away."

Dabber says the struggle took place by the ruins."

"Not ten yards from them," replied the preventive, who was a good-tempered man and liked to honor his prisoner. "But what's the use of your keeping up this show of ignorance, Hawthorne?" he asked. "You have got an old cad

next two hours all I did was to give vent to my feelings in harsh words."

"You said you would be revenged," interrupted Lord Dane.

"Ten times, at least, I said it, my lord, and every day since, but by the end of the two hours my anger was spent. Harsh words they were, but like as the wind, I never seriously entertained the thought of taking vengeance on my master. I had but spoken in the heat of passion; and, before long, I actually began in my own mind to find some cause for him."

"You forget that your struggle with him was witnessed by the preventive man."

"I never was, my lord, for no struggle with me took place. What Mitchell's motive for accusing me can be, I cannot tell; either his eyesight deceived him, or is something the real offender as my coat. But I don't fear; the truth is sure to come to light."

"The truth is in the light already," solemnly replied Mr. Appery. "I am astonished at your ridiculous persistence, my prisoner. You may just as well hold to it that the sun is not shining into the room at this present moment. But all this is most irregular, and only a waste of time. Inspector, is there any one you can proceed with in order, while waiting for Mitchell? Are there any witnesses to be examined?"

The preventive stood forward and addressed Lord Dane. "Your lordship has done me the honor to put the questioning of this case into my hands, and I must ask to be allowed to question a witness—or that your lordship would question her. It has come to my knowledge that there is one of our nobility's family who perhaps may be enabled to throw some light upon the affair: I speak of Lady Adelaide."

"There was a game, Lord Dane did not reply. Mr. Appery stared, and the preventive continued:

"I have been informed that the Lady Adelaide, presented as far as the ruins last night, just about the time the effort must have happened, and some back reasoning, in a state of extreme terror. It strikes me, my lord, that her terror must have been caused through having seen something of the affair, and I should like to question her."

"I have questioned her," replied Lord Dane. "She says not."

"Pardon me, my lord, if I said my own opinion. Her lordship is but young, most likely timid, and she may feel afraid to confess to it. It may be summary—will your lordship's sanction—be admitted to the oath?"

Lord Dane dispatched a messenger for Lady Adelaide. The reader must not suppose that things were conducted with the regularity that they would have been in a formal court. Nothing of the sort. Lord Dane ruled, and the rest bowed to his will.

Adelaide came in, not daring to disobey. She was in a white morning dress, ornamented with blue ribbons. The sunlight fell upon her silken hair, and her color was pale, and her eyes were red, and she was as white as her robe. She shivered and shook as she took the oath.

"Had your lordship any motive in going out to the ruins last evening?" asked the preventive.

"It was a fine night," she faltered, her voice nearly choked with tears.

"You had no suspicion that your quarrel or affair was about to take place there?"

"No, sir," she vehemently answered.

"It took you by surprise, then. Will your lordship tell us what you saw?"

"The burst into tears. But for her oath, she would have denied seeing anything, as she had hitherto done."

"Speak out," said Lord Dane, with sternness.

"I was across to the ruins; it was very steep and thoughtless of me; and I went alone," she sobbed. "I stood a few moments to take breath, and I fancied I heard voices, as if in dispute."

"And then?" eagerly questioned Lord Dane, for she had paused.

"I crossed the ruins to the other door—the one nearer the sea—and looked out. Two men seemed to be struggling on the brow of the precipice, and I saw one fall over. I was nearly terrified out of my senses; I believe that for the moment my senses did leave me; all I remember is, that I saw out of the ruins, and back here, screaming."

"Why did you not come forth?" sharply demanded Lord Dane.

"Oh, I was too frightened," she shivered. "I was sick with fear. I thought if the men should come after me, and kill me for watching them."

"Did you recognize one of them to be Hawthorne?"

"No, sir. How could I recognize them in that short moment?"

"My lady," interrupted Mr. Appery, "did the other man look any resemblance to the preventive, and I saw one fall over. I was nearly terrified out of my senses; I believe that for the moment my senses did leave me; all I remember is, that I saw out of the ruins, and back here, screaming."

"Not that I saw or thought of," she answered. "It did not strike me that either of them was Hawthorne."

"If she could not recognize my man, she could not recognize Hawthorne," observed Lord Dane.

"My lady," struck in the preventive, "did not she, even so faint, memory to

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

already their own dad.



Saturday Evening, June 30, 1921.

Vol. 54, No. 25.—Continued.

First Prize, \$100.00 in gold coin, to the person who can find the most mistakes in the above advertisement. The prize will be awarded to the person who can find the most mistakes in the above advertisement. The prize will be awarded to the person who can find the most mistakes in the above advertisement.

"FACING IT."

In whatever social condition of life we may be born, in this world there is no escaping trouble. In degree only do difficulties differ, and though what is necessary to one is a different condition, what will give cause for the greatest anxiety in a sensitive temperament will scarcely raise the pulse in a harder and less nervous nature, there is no escaping the trials and the griefs which, by turns, beset the path of life.

So inevitable have been the results of our previous effort, we have determined to renew, increase and extend the same, believing that some additional incentive and reward should be given to those who labor in our behalf. The coming season promises better results, and we trust all our friends will continue their efforts, and as a reward for active service, we now make the following offer, viz:

For the largest list, \$100.00 in gold coin, to the person who can find the most mistakes in the above advertisement. The prize will be awarded to the person who can find the most mistakes in the above advertisement. The prize will be awarded to the person who can find the most mistakes in the above advertisement.

In addition to the above splendid offer, we will pay active agents a very liberal cash commission on each and every subscription secured. Send your own circular.

Each agent is entitled on our books with the name and number of every subscriber secured.

Lives will close on the thirtieth day of September, 1921. Commence now and work up your club. No time to be lost if you wish to succeed. Send your own circular.

Half the perplexity, anagnorisis and trouble that men have in this world is in consequence of getting into debt. It seems to be natural for some people to buy and their obligations without measure, so long as they can avoid paying away ready cash. Give one of our circulars to buy on credit, and the question of payments as matters that he can not think about. But what a crop of trouble springs up from the seed of debt! How many gray hairs it brings, and how often it entices into crime, leading men to commit suicide or murder. And yet how easy it is to keep clear of this terrible monster. Every young man should form a habit of paying for what he buys, and the question of payments as matters that he can not think about. But what a crop of trouble springs up from the seed of debt!

How often do we try, and persevere in trying, to make a sort of deal about our good qualities, without anything within being corresponded, just as children play with balloons without any connection with the ground, to make a pretty show for the hour! We find fault in our lives, and we are out of the world, but we do not try to fix it; we find something wanting in ourselves, and we supply it, not by seeing the divine seed of heavenly principles, but by smothering the seeds that the principle might be produced.

Ways of the World.—The ways of the world are strange and diverse. Yet there is great good in it, for "a touch of misfortune makes all mankind kin." Many a man deeply engaged in business, hurrying along the pathway of life, absorbed in worldly cares, turns now and then aside for retrospection and finds in all his past life the flowers of adversity along the highway of his earthly existence.

Dear learning will make you susceptible to the learned, but it is only on an obliging behavior, and conscientious conversation that will make you agreeable in all company. And there are the flowers of adversity along the highway of his earthly existence.

Two habits of being always employed in a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

OUR GOLD PREMIUMS.

SPECIAL OFFER TO AGENTS.

In the circular letter sent to agents and correspondents, an incentive to send for extra edition, three Premiums in gold coin were offered, as follows: "One hundred and twenty-five (\$125.00) dollars in gold to the agent who sends the largest list; seventy-five (\$75.00) dollars in gold to the agent who sends the second largest list; twenty-five (\$25.00) dollars in gold to the agent who sends the third largest list, by the thirty-first (31st) day of March, 1921—notice of which will appear in the Post."

Pursuant to the above we now announce that the said Premiums have been awarded and duly paid, as follows:

1st Premium, \$125.00 in gold coin, to C. S. MURDOCK, Bridgeway P. O., Orleans County, New York.

2d Premium, \$75.00 in gold coin, to J. W. BRIDGES, Postmaster, West Madison, Wayne Co., N. Y.

3d Premium, \$25.00 in gold coin, to G. W. BERNETT, Quincy, Branch Co., Mich.

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"third," 30.00 "	
"fourth," 15.00 "	
"fifth," 10.00 "	
"sixth," 10.00 "	
"seventh," 10.00 "	
"eighth," 10.00 "	
"ninth," 10.00 "	
"tenth," 10.00 "	
"eleventh," 10.00 "	
"twelfth," 5.00 "	
"thirteenth," 5.00 "	
"fourteenth," 5.00 "	
"fifteenth," 5.00 "	
"sixteenth," 5.00 "	
"seventeenth," 5.00 "	
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THE JET WEATHER.

BY HARRISON J. WESTWORTH.

It had been an evening of stormy weather, and the wind was blowing from the west. The sea was rough, and the waves were breaking over the rocks. The sky was dark, and the stars were shining brightly.

With a heavy sigh, he turned back to the door. The wind was blowing from the west, and the sea was rough. The sky was dark, and the stars were shining brightly.

He looked at the clock on the wall. It was ten o'clock. He had been waiting for the ship to arrive for an hour. The wind was blowing from the west, and the sea was rough.

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THE JET WEATHER.

BY HARRISON J. WESTWORTH.

It had been an evening of stormy weather, and the wind was blowing from the west. The sea was rough, and the waves were breaking over the rocks. The sky was dark, and the stars were shining brightly.

With a heavy sigh, he turned back to the door. The wind was blowing from the west, and the sea was rough. The sky was dark, and the stars were shining brightly.

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NEWS AND NONSENSE.

BY J. B. BARK.

"A coolidge" — Dangling your arm around her neck, and she is still going on. The coolidge is a new word, and it is still going on.

Christian Schlegel's mother fell off a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad last week and was seriously injured. This startling report indicates that the mother of the famous dramatist was not as strong as she once was.

The alarming news comes from Indianapolis that the famous dramatist was not as strong as she once was. This startling report indicates that the mother of the famous dramatist was not as strong as she once was.

A Camden woman was observed telling her next door neighbor, on Saturday, that her household duties absorbed so much of her time that she couldn't go anywhere, and if her husband didn't get her a servant or two she really didn't know how she would ever get time to go to her own funeral.

High board fences driving neighbors' yards should always be guarded with a watchful eye. When a woman wants to ascertain what is going on in the next yard, it is a much more difficult task than it seems. Upon reaching a bridge or a tunnel, a signal will be given for ladies to duck their heads to prevent their bonnets and hats being knocked off.

Another old relic has just come to light. A Florida man has found a stone that Washington threw at a woodpecker on his father's cherry tree. But the continental celebration of that stone had better be deferred for a few weeks. Some enterprising chap will, doubtless, discover the woodpecker at which the stone was thrown, and both celebrations can be held at the same time and place.

The American Medical Association, recently in session at Louisville, adopted a resolution recommending the chief of police of "to make daily reports of the amount of smoke in the atmosphere."

And we hope that officer will send their reports to the chief of police, and not to the chief of the fire department. Lot of smoke, when they start out in the morning, just after breakfast, feel sort of discouraged and unfit for work, just because they don't know whether the atmosphere contains two quarts or two bushels of smoke.

Hy. Hyder Smith says there should be a "certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be too long. The shyness, not the kiss, and when the fair one gives it let there be a seal in it. She should be careful not to give a kiss, but give it as a humming bird runs the bill into a honey-suckle—deep, but definite." Just so.

And if any of the fair readers of the Post desire to master the necessary process according to Smith, in forty-two days or less, we can give them the address of a subject to practice on—a young man who is willing to make great sacrifices in the interest of social efficiency. And his terms are ridiculously low, too.

A SCIENTIFIC FALLACY EXPOSED.

The St. Louis Republican says: "It was reported that a boy out on Olive street had professed a new act to the old-fashioned drama of a 'dog barking at his shadow.' It wasn't any old-fashioned or spirit-stuff, but something entirely new. The dog, which was a little black-and-white terrier, with an extraordinary air, was following a lady, and the boy was sitting along the street with a red toy balloon which he was holding by a string. It was a very big balloon, as large as those toy balloons ever grew. The lady passed the boy and turned the corner. The dog came trotting along and was about to reach the boy, when the balloon, inflated by a puff of wind, grabbed him. Then, still further incensed by the devil and curiosity, the boy tied the end of the string in his hand firmly about the dog's tail, about two inches from the end, and let go. The animal started off with a yelp to reject its mistress, but it didn't regain her at all. The balloon, as a straightforward matter, was in constant so that it pointed toward the south with a kind of 'exquisite' expression, and the dog's motions carried out the idea perfectly. The wind resumed a little, and the dog's hind feet were lifted off the ground, and then began a series of remarkable but ineffective movements on the part of the animal. It didn't seem to be a very big dog, but it turned round and round on its four feet and swung little cat-like motions of song as never any circus dog in the world did. It would make the most tremendous leaps and land exactly in the spot it jumped from, and then it would settle down to work with its fore legs and ply them at the rate of two million revolutions a minute, and get over the ground in a manner that couldn't have been supposed under the circumstances. The circumstances were peculiar, though, and the dog didn't, during the entire play, get beyond the black. The red balloon, with all the pericentricity of a Columbian ocean's hyperbola, and the terrier's tail refused to budge. Then the dog got desperate and bounded and struggled and wailed with the big balloon in the air behind up and down like the cork on the line of a giant fishing for whales. And all the while the animal sang. Finally the string broke, and the balloon shot up toward the clouds. The dog disappeared at the same time, though he had just finished something like a black and white, and was looking for a moment only, but he left a bad impression on the boy's mind. He concluded that the balloon must be a fool. He had been taught that a lady implies by two long sweeping right angles to each other could mean that she was coming. He had just seen that a lady didn't get going at all.

Nonsense can be a real pleasure or a real pain to the human soul, but what is made by its own application.

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